

## THE PINK CHIFFON.

A SOCIETY STORY.

Lake Wabashko is not a fashionable resort—far from it.

It is annually visited by a queer assortment of gentlemen hailing heaven only knows whence; gentlemen with curly hair and extravagantly-hued flannel suits, who appear in all their blazing magnificence for two weeks at a time, and then mournfully depart into their pristine obscurity until the following season resurrects them. The feminine portion of the summer community consists mainly of a quantity of bulbous matrons in a constant state of perspiration consequent upon being too heavily and beadily gowned, with a sprinkling of daughters bent on having what they call a "good time," and usually acquiring their bent.

Graceful creatures these, with their impossible square cut bangs and cruelly fashioned organdie waists. They generally wear a blazer and a yachting cap, and come down to meet the boat with their arms twined around each other's waists as if to say: "See, they always affirm that jealousy exists among us; surely this disapproves it!"—and the green alighter at the pier is duly impressed.

They do not dine late at Wabashko, which is the chief summer resort on the lake. They have a weird and wonderful meal called tea, the principal ingredients of which are thin slices of cold meat, blueberry pie and huckleberry ditto, pickles and corn bread.

If a man in all the consciousness of his supreme good health boasts to me that he has never had an ache or a pain, I nod mysteriously at him and say: "Wait until you try a Wabashko tea."

Several have taken my words as a challenge and have returned chronic dyspeptics.

All this, however, is superfluous.

There was to be a dance at the Wabashko house within a week, and lake society was all on the qui vive. Mysterious conferences had been held, and the snip of scissors heard in many a lady's chamber for a week past, and Mr. Philip Brassy felt quite guilty on overhearing—for the Wabashko house is only a wooden shanty capable of holding about thirty people, with wooden partitions between the rooms Miss Evelina O'Brien remarked to her bosom friend, Miss Leona Burglestein: "I shall put some fresh chiffon on my blue and cut out that peroxide fright, Kitty Wade; she's only got her old white, and it's not in it with mine."

"You bet your chewing gum," classically replied Miss Leona Burglestein.

Now, Mr. Philip Brassy was well known in Wabashko as an annual was exceedingly popular among the fairer sex. His occupation they knew, and termed it that of a "gentleman floor walker," while many a time, for he was a good-natured youth, had he procured "remnants," and "absolutely-must-be-sold" pieces of "dress goods" at a great reduction for the Wabashko ladies, when some event of more than ordinary importance was about to take place.

He was a better sort of fellow than most of his set, and, as he descended the stairs, gorgeously arrayed for the Wabashko's evening meal, he pondered over the words he had just heard.

Mr. Isaac Dinkelspiel stood in the hall assuming a position of studied elegance, nonchalantly and prematurely picking his teeth with a safety pin, and awaiting the descent of his fortnight's innamorata.

"Say, Phil," he inquired, "going to 12th?"

Mr. Dinkelspiel never possessed a

dress suit in his life.

It would never do for the genial Philip to admit that he also lacked the funeral garb considered proper for masculine nocturnal adornment, consequently he replied in a blasé way: "No, dear Dink, always think togging up's a nuisance in the country—the girls want the show to be informal, so I shall go as I am."

This was somewhat of a prevarication on the part of Mr. Brassy, seeing that there reposed at the bottom of his well-worn trunk a pair of lavender trousers, created to almost a razor-like sharpness and a Prince Albert coat of a shimmer quite patent leathery in its brightness.

The conversation was interrupted by the advent of the Misses Evelina O'Brien and Leona Burglestein, who, picturesquely arrayed to match each other, tripped downstairs abstractedly humming the latest "coon" song.

"Oh, how you startled me!" exclaiming her hand over her heart, thereby drawing attention to a new waist and a remarkably well-developed bust.

"Don't tread on my dress, you silly thing," playfully exclaimed Miss Leona, as she slapped her friend, and, stooping down, arranged the folds of a hitherto unworn sky-blue skirt, figured—I believe that is the correct expression—with blackberries and bunches of grapes.

Escorted by Mr. Dinkelspiel the two innocent maidens proceeded toward the dining room, while Mr. Brassy, who wore an abstracted air, sat him down and indited the following epistle in the most spidery and correct handwriting:

"To Mr. James Smith, Dress Goods Department, Creegel & Snooper's, New York:

"Friend Jim—If that pink chiffon on shelf B, upper right hand corner, marked X024—ey36, ain't gone, send a dozen yards up to me and charge to same. Now quit your guying, my boy. Your friend, PHIL."

"P. S.—Any trimmings to go with the same will also be handy."

When he had mailed this letter he joined the festive throng, and, seating himself by the twozle-headed Miss Kitty Wade, enthralled the assembled multitude by the brilliance of his repartee, when that damsel tenderly inquired: "Ain't these fried potatoes lovely, Mr. Brassy?"

"I guess most things are lovely at this table," he gallantly made reply.

"Ain't you awful," retorted the winsome Kate, with a giggle.

Miss Evelina O'Brien and Miss Leona Burglestein concealed their ire under the cover of a viciously friendly smile, but they raged inwardly, and their pan-fish came nigh unto choking them.

Three days before the Wabashko dance a large parcel, addressed to Mr. Philip Brassy, and bearing the names of "Creegel & Snooper" on the label was deposited at the pier when the rickety little steamer arrived.

Mr. Brassy was not there to receive it. Most of the Wabashko young people were that day enjoying a picnic on Rattlesnake Island, where amid the swarms of ants, wasps and mosquitoes they consumed the soggy edibles, packed in cigarette boxes by their thoughtful host, beneath a blazing sun, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves as only Wabashko folks can under like circumstances.

When they returned Mr. Brassy, who had been most assiduous in his attentions to Miss Wade during the afternoon, seized on the anticipated parcel and hurried off to a small and

## Fur Collarettes

Of all garments sold for ladies' wear none are more useful, beautiful, and for the present, more stylish than fur collarettes.

## Correct Styles

We have just put on sale a very complete assortment in correct styles and shaesp. Prices \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.80, \$15.00, and up to \$45 each.

MILLER &amp; PAINE

modest cottage near shore, in the window of which stood a sign bearing these impressive words: "Miss Moriarty, Robes and Modes."

"You know Miss Wade's size!" he excitedly and somewhat ambiguously enquired.

The good natured little Irish dress maker acknowledged that she had "made over" a gown for that lady once, and could "come near it."

"Great land, Mr. Brassy!" she exclaimed at the conclusion of the interview, "it's as elegant a piece of goods as I ever set eyes on, an you may depend on my having it fixed when you call for it."

It was the afternoon of the night. Everyone was flushed and excited, and the effort to appear to the contrary rendered them additionally so.

Miss Kitty Wade had wound herself around the heart of Mr. Philip Brassy to such an extent that, as he mysteriously announced to Mr. Dinkelspiel, this evening was to seal his fate one way or the other.

"I guess you've got a cinch, dear boy," encouragingly replied the gentleman.

Mr. Brassy smiled rather conceitedly, as he thought of the garment that, figuratively speaking, he held up his sleeve.

"Never can tell, old man," he said, "women are strange things."

It certainly was a wonderful creation that Mrs. Moriarty twisted around and turned this way and that for Mr. Brassy's approval. All down the sides and in suspender-like form over the shoulders were long strips of iridescent green and blue beadwork, while, as she somehow or other turned it inside out and compressed the whole into a paste-board box, she remarked: "And there's a yard and a half over in case ice cream or berries get mashed on it, which I've known to happen many a time."

Mr. Brassy having humorously replied that he was the only one likely to get mashed upon it, paid his bill, and, having exacted a promise that Miss Moriarty would hold herself solemnly bound to see the dress placed in Miss Wade's room during the Wabashko tea hour, departed in a condition of supremest bliss, as though this were the first instead of the last day of his summer vacation, and as though there existed no such places as dry-goods stores and no such calls as "cash."

He was one of the reception committee, the onerous duties of which necessitated his early presence, and consisted in meeting arrivals and inquiring in concerned and anxious tones: "Won't you have some lemonade and

sponge cake?"

As Wabashko society had only just finished gorging itself at Wabashko teas, the ladies were truthfully, for the most part, enabled to raise their eyes and exclaim: "Oh, dear, no thanks!" as though they never, never did touch such a commonplace thing as good.

Mr. Brassy, every now and then, would dash into the hall and anxiously gaze up stairs, then dart vigorously back again, recklessly offering lemonade right and left with an energy bordering on frenzy.

"Tum-ti-tum-tum-ti-tum," went the piano and violin, as they struck up the "Prisoner of Zenda" waltzes. Miss Evelina O'Brien, radiant in blue, floated away in the embrace of Mr. Dinkelspiel. "Tiddle-iddle-iddle-tum-tum," they continued, as Miss Leona Burglestein, in a concoction of orange and mauve, bashfully accepted the arm of a speckle-faced gentleman to whom she had not been introduced. Still no Miss Wade.

At length, down the stairs, with rather red eyes and slow tread she came.

Mr. Brassy rushed to receive her, his Prince Albert flapping open in his excitement, and then stopped gasping.

"She was wearing her old white!"

Now, of course, the interested reader will naturally assume that Miss Burglestein and Miss O'Brien had discovered the pink chiffon and either destroyed or concealed it, or maybe that Miss Moriarty had broken her word, or that the package had gone astray. Wrong—wrong, my blessed friends—everyone of you.

The explanation is simple, but demonstrates masculine ignorance in a shocking degree.

During a quadrille—Mr. Brassy deemed it "high toned" not to indulge in square dances—he took Miss Wade to a damp and mossy bank by the lake, and seating himself thereon, all callous of the possible damage to his lavender pants—the Prince Albert would conceal the damage in any case—he demanded, or rather gently asked, the reason for her non-chiffoness. Somehow or other Miss Wade was at this time seated on Mr. Brassy's knee, rubbing her fluffy little head against his smooth cheek.

"Oh, Phil," she murmured, playing with the top button of his waistcoat, "didn't you know blondes are such guys in pink!"

And if anyone tells me, after this, that there exists no delicacy of taste or appreciation outside of the 400, I simply refer such a carper to Wabashko society.

Subscribe for THE COURIER, \$1